26b 1961

Julia Mood Peterkin Chronicled 'Gullah People'

FT. MOTTE (AP) — South Carolina's 80-year-old Julia Mood Peterkin, who died Thursday, made literary history when her "Scarlet Sister Mary," published in 1928, won a Pulitzer prize. She became the first Southern author to achieve that distinction.

Her rise in the literary world as a chronicler of the "Gullah people," the Negroes of the South Carolina lowlands, began only after her son had gone to college and left her with time on her hands.

Her plunge into the career of a writer was something of an accident. It began with little tales she told to her music teacher, Henry Bellaman, about life on her plantation home on the banks of the Congaree River. He advised her to write.

H. L. Mencken, then editor of the "Smart Set" magazine, accepted some of her first offerings. He promised to find her a publisher for books if she would write more.

The promise was kept, and "Green Thursday" was published in 1924. It was followed by "Black April" in 1927, and a year later Mrs. Peterkin published her prize-winning work.

She knew and understood the Lowcountry Negro of her era as perhaps no other writer has.

An old Negro mammy once said of her, "Honey, yo' skin may be white but yo' heart sho' is black."

It was as mistress of Lang Syne Plantation, after her marriage to William George Peterkin, that she developed her Negro lore.

The nearest doctor, preacher, lawyer or policeman was 10 miles away over notoriously bad roads. Mrs. Peterkin functioned as all of them in dealing with the scores of Negroes on the plantation.

"I had to try to be a physician to them often, as well as their confidante," she once said.

She said on one Christmas eve, a burly Negro man from the plantation knocked on the back door and said diffidently, "I hate to trouble you, but I done kill Charlie."

Mrs. Peterkin rose to the occasion of summoning police and an undertaker and quieting the discontent that the fatal quarrel had evoked.

"Scarlet Sister Mary" was transformed into a play, and Ethel Barrymore assayed the title role, the first time she ever attempted to portray a Negro.

Miss Barrymore had read the book, was impressed by it, and announced she would like to have it dramatized. The stage version was written by Daniel Reed, one-time director of the Columbia Town Theater.

Funeral services were held at nearby St. Matthews Friday.

A resident of Ft. Motte, Mrs. Peterkin died in Orangeburg Regional Hospital. Graveside services were held at the family burial plot at St. Matthews Protestant Episcopal Church.

A native of Laurens, Mrs. Peterkin received bachelor, masters and doctorate degrees from Converse College at Spartanburg.

Survivors include a son, William G. Peterkin of Ft. Motte; two grandsons, William G. Peterkin III and J. Preston Peterkin of Ft. Motte; a brother, Dr. A. H. Mood of Sumter; two sisters, Mrs. A. P. Burgess of Asheboro, N. C., and Mrs. Laura Mood Schneider of Los Angeles, Calif.

JULIA M. PETERKIN
Understood Negro

Southern Judges: '58 Lonely Men'

58 LONELY MEN: Southern Judges and School Desegregation. By J. W. Peltason. 270 pp. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

OF THE federal judges in the South — caught between their native instincts and their concept of duty and necessity — several lasting volumes might be written.

The title of Peltason's book suggests that it might be the first to plumb the agonies, the doubts and the fears of these men fated to remake the social order of which they were a part. But the title is misleading.

Even the little which Peltason devotes to the personal lives of the judges, however, suggests the drama.

Unlike pre-1954, when it was assumed that every Southern judge favored segregation, today's young lawyer must be circumspect in his public statements concerning segregation if he aspires to a federal judgeship. He is barred from the office if he has been either extremely pro-segregation (this would offend the Justice Department and Northern senators) or a busy attorney for Negro litigants (this would lose him the votes of Southern senators).

This compresses him into the bland, compromising role of the opportunist.

Once he becomes a federal judge, the lawyer has effectively severed his ties with such society as he has known. His unfavorable rulings close the doors to his club and the homes of many of his friends.

SINCE a federal judge has lifetime tenure and a comfortable salary, some would think him well established and sufficiently compensated for his troubles, but a judge is still human. One explained that "lifetime tenure insulates judges from anxiety over worldly cares for body and home and family. But it does not protect them from the unconscious urge for the approbation of their fellow-man, and fellow-man most often means those of like interest and backgrounds, business and professional experience and predilections, even prejudices."

In some cases, it has been necessary for federal judges to have unlisted telephone numbers and ask for police protection.

Peltason cites the instance of Judge Frank M. Johnson and George Wallace—former classmates who came together in Johnson's courtroom when Wallace refused to surrender voting records — as "characteristic of the difficult position of Southern district judges." And he advances an explanation of what impels a federal judge to rule against kind.

"Though he may be a white Southerner living in the South," says Peltason, "he is also a judicial officer of the national government . . . The Supreme Court and the courts of appeals have no formal disciplinary power over the district judge and supervise his work only sporadically, but the living traditions of the law oblige the district judge, whatever his own views and however strong local pressures, to follow the rulings of his judicial superiors. It is a measure of his own competence to avoid reversals of his rulings by a higher court. His sense of craftsmanship and his pride in his profession force him to consider not only his local reputation but his national standing as a judge."

IN DIFFERENT circumstances, as a congressman or state officeholder, the same man "might lead the attack on the federal courts."

But he is a judge and his "obligations as a federal officer, his duty to obey his superiors, and his pride in his work may be pressures upon him just as compelling as those generated within his own district."

Finally, no matter what his personal convictions, the district judge is in no position to impose them. The appellate courts stand ready to bowl him over.

For the rest, *58 Lonely Men* is an argumentative history of the civil rights struggle since 1954. It is written by one whose viewpoint is that nobody has done enough. The Supreme Court should have spelled out more precisely the implementation of its ruling, the district judges should have been more strenuous in their orders, President Eisenhower should have energetically used his office to hasten integration (as Author Peltason believes the Kennedy Administration will do).

The pity is that Peltason did not write the book which his title indicated—the story of the "lonely men."—*TOM JOHNSON.*

New Hughes book ready for release

NEW YORK (AP)—"The Best of Simple," a selection by Langston Hughes, will be published Ot. 11 by Hill and Wang in their American Century Series.

In this collection, the author has picked his favorites from three previously published books, "Sample Speaks His Mind," Simple Takes a Wife," and "Simple Stakes a Claim."

The character of Simple — talkative, warm, cheerful — originated in Langston Hughes' column in the Chicago Defender. From this beginning he became a character in books, in radio and television plays, and on the musical comedy stage. This edition is illustrated with line drawings by Bernhard Nast.

26b 1961

Ex-White House Maid Writes Revealing Book

The Pittsburgh Courier
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Bat 3-11-61

NEW YORK (ANP) — Teddy Roosevelt discovered years ago that a gentleman is never a hero to his valet.

This week, members of several first families that have occupied the White House over the last 30 years are discovering that their public image is not always shared by their servants.

The discovery was made through a revealing book written by a former White House maid-seamstress, Mrs. Lillian Rogers Parks, a second generation household worker at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., in Washington.

26b

WRITTEN in collaboration with Miss Frances Spatz Leighton, of the American Weekly, the book contains nothing of a scandalous or sensational nature.

Here are some of the revelations of the book:

Mrs. Harry S. Truman was the most considerate First Lady in decades.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was quick to fire servants if they angered her.

Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower had a hot temper but never fired anyone.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover kept the White House in the most turmoil, because she could never make up her mind how she wanted things arranged.

She spiced the book with many amusing and embarrassing incidents—such as the pregnant woman who showed up at the White House and claimed Hoover was the father of her unborn child.

She said:

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt had great wealth and gave the impression of much generosity, but was a penny-pincher. He also was "very sensitive to the feelings of others, a quality that made him most kind to the help."

Hoover didn't want servants to be seen or heard. The servants had to dodge into closets. But when FDR arrived on the scene he "gave the order to stop this and 'just be natural.'"

Truman was "the most insistent that we be at ease."

MAID BECOMES AUTHOR—Lillian Rogers Parks, left, a maid at the White House in Washington for 30 years, watches as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt scans advance copy of Mrs. Parks' newly published book, in New York. Mrs. Parks presented Mrs. Roosevelt with the book at her home in Manhattan. Work is entitled "My Thirty Years Backstairs at the White House." Mrs. Parks' mother also spent 30 years as a maid at the White House.

26b 1961

WHAT'S NEW IN BOOKS

LAST WORK OF RICHARD WRIGHT

BY SAUNDERS REDDING

EIGHT MEN, by Richard Wright. World Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York. 250 pp. $3.95.

Fifteen years of living in France, of expatriation from America — to put it more directly — had changed Richard Wright, and perhaps that change is nowhere more succinctly summarized than in the dedication of this posthumous book to three French friends, "whose kindness has made me feel at home in an alien land."

Though Wright the social being felt at home in France, Wright the artist was never at home save in America.

He gave substantial proof of this in his later years.

He never absorbed the foreign milieu — never assimilated, never loved or hated it enough to feel it as a centering place for his emotions; never wrote about it with passion and truth.

France was never his in the way that America was.

Spain was never his, though he went there and wrote a book about it.

And Africa, where he also went, nearly broke his heart because it was not his.

The non-political sections of **Black Power** are cries of anguish and surprise.

No Spirit

Wright deserted America, and eventually America abandoned him; and he lost the spirit that fed his work, and memory was not enough to call the spirit back again.

Besides, America itself had changed in ways which Wright refused somhow to credit, and his last novel about America, **The Long Dream**, was an embarrassing anachronism.

His memory of America of the 1930's was no good for an American novel of the 1950's.

Fortunately historical memory plays no part in the eight stories in **Eight Men.**

The best of them were written by 1945, and because they were written truly about things he knew and was knowing, and things he had seen and heard and felt and was feeling, all the old power is in them, and they break your heart with truth.

And especially "The Man Who Saw the Flood" and the autobiographical piece, "The Man Who Went to Chicago."

A different sort of truth is in "The Man Who Killed A Shadow" and "The Man Who Lived Underground," but the truth is still recognizably the truth of Richard Wright.

Remainder

The remaining pieces are much less good.

Three of them are ambiguous, the others bizarre; and two of these are both ambiguous and bizarre.

For instance, is the story "Man of All Work" a comic story? I cannot venture to say.

Its central situation of a man masquerading as a woman and taking a housemaid's job and being sexually assaulted by the master of the house is implausible.

But Wright, experimenting with dialogue, seems to want readers to take it straight.

Perhaps the trouble with this story and with "Man, God Ain't Like That," which also has an implausible central situation, is that Wright can not make dialogue do all it needs to do, and he tries to make it do everything.

No one who has read Wright's best work will judge him by **Eight Men,** but those who read only this book will have an opinion of the author much lower than the high one he deserves.

Vote Fraud Booklet Of GOP in Demand

WASHINGTON — (UPI) — The Republican National Committee said Monday its booklet on vote frauds has been in such wide demand it may be made into a movie.

The booklet, entitled "Are You a Shadow Voter?" was released a month ago. About 60,000 copies have been distributed in five printings. The GOP reported that two unnamed financial backers have offered to make a movie out of the booklet for distribution during the 1962 campaign.

The booklet states that more than three million votes are stolen or lost in every natlinal election.

Books of The Times

By CHARLES POORE

All the banter about space flight must seem trivial to George Plimpton. He has done something the ages will be awed to remember. He tells us about it with modesty and humor in "Out of My League,"* one of the most unusual and compelling adventure stories of our time. Or any time.

The scene is the vast South Pacific reaches of Yankee Stadium. There, on a quasi-historic afternoon, Mr. Plimpton, dressed in a flannel uniform for the occasion, fearlessly threw baseballs at ruthless warriors armed with clubs.

I say fearlessly. It is only fair to add that Mr. Plimpton professes, in the usual tradition of these stirring chronicles, to have been scared right into the suburbs of death.

Do not believe him for a moment, ladies and gentlemen. He was having the time of his life. He was achieving the ambition of every grandstand athlete, every box-score Boswell who ever dreamed of getting out there on the mound and pitching to Willie Mays, Mickey Mantle and other walking—or, rather, home-running—immortals.

Mr. Plimpton, a Harvard-trained writer for such kindred publications as Sports Illustrated and The Paris Review, is a Giants fan. An illustrious company, even as their team sinks slowly into the West. In the 1937 World Series his father took him to the Stadium on the day when the Yankees somehow beat the Giants.

A Penchant Is Propulsive

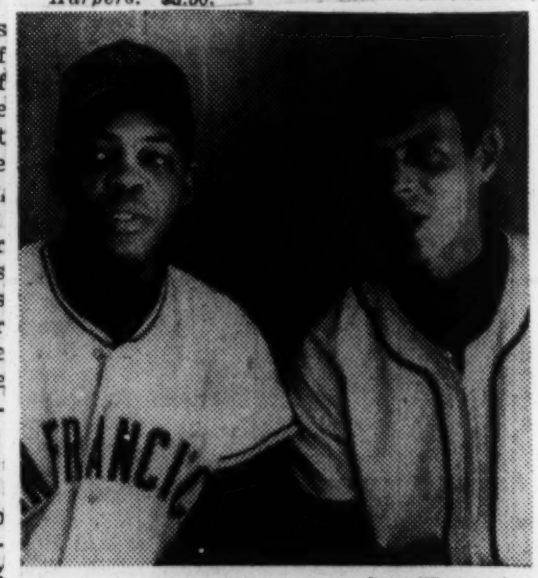
Now I ask you, do we need Dr. Freud to tell us why Mr. Plimpton dreamed of returning in triumph to that un-Etonian playing field after the wars were over? He didn't exactly get his chance. He made it. He persuaded the editors of Sports Illustrated that a piece about an amateur pitching against players in an all-star game would make a feature rife with Walter-Mitty-borne interest.

Television, which owes as much to baseball horsehide as to hippic epics, may have recorded Mr. Plimpton's exhibition debut and finale. If it did, I hope someone will rerun it soon. But it can't have the fathomless interest of the minute-by-minute agony and glory Mr. Plimpton gives us in this memoir.

Apathy, carrying the Second Law of Thermodynamics to its ultimate conclusion, dogged Mr. Plimpton. He fought tremendous odds to get anyone interested. Only the wise counsel of Toots Shore, who suggested a purse of $1,000 for the men who batted against him as a preliminary to the all-star game, really got his small show on the road.

He had trouble finding reliable friends who would help him get into condition to pitch. Seems he was a bit rusty from his sandlot days. He bought a uniform of sorts, but there was a frantic last-minute rush to find someone who would lend him a glove.

**OUT OF MY LEAGUE. By George Plimpton. Illustrated with photographs. 150 pages. Harpers. $3.50.*



Garry Winogrand

Willie Mays, left, and George Plimpton

And believe me he needed a glove for Elston Howard's return tosses.

Mickey Mantle, captain for the American League, took the news that the widely unknown Mr. Plimpton would take the mound with monumental calm. Then the National League captain, Willie Mays, was told. He grinned.

"You, man, *you*," he said, "you gonna *pitch?*"

The more Mays contemplated the idea

the more it cheered him. He whistled. He chuckled. He roared. The room filled with delighted laughter.

Hindsight tells us that the Yankees could have used Mr. Plimpton in, say, their opening games with the Minnesota Twins this year. At the time, though, his performance was not quite the sort to bring George Weiss bounding out of his office with a fabulous contract to be signed for a salary beyond the dreams of any holdout's avarice.

Perilous to the Last Pitch

No umpire was behind the plate when Mr. Plimpton pitched. The blue-suit-and-whisk-broom men undoubtedly have clauses in their life-insurance policies that forbid indulgence in such shenanigans. However, it generally meant that Mr. P. had to keep right on throwing until Gil Hodges and Richie Ashburn and the others lined out, flied out, grounded out, or belted one into orbit.

Throughout the book there are fine descriptions of the what it feels like to be out in the locker rooms, the dugouts and the wild green yonder. All who wonder about the appeal of baseball should read it. There are times when Mr. Plimpton sounds like Henry James trying to write in the style of Ernest Hemingway. But in a world where athletes are always signing ghost-written books this turnabuot, with a writer ghosting as an athlete, is fair play. Or a homer with everything loaded.

'The Man Who Feels Left Behind'

THE MAN WHO FEELS LEFT BEHIND. By Gerald W. Johnson. 170 pp. William Morrow & Co. $4.

IN SPEAKING of the man who feels left behind, Gerald Johnson does not mean himself alone; he means every man who "sees the battle of ideas whirling away toward the horizon, while he is left behind amid the wreckage of exploded theories and a litter of axioms dead or maimed."

He means the man, conditioned to rely on the power of common sense, who finds abruptly thrust on him a world staggering under the implications of Einstein's theory. How is such a man rationally and confidently to measure and meet those implications on the frail basis of common sense? The nuclear physicists make no sense to him whatever. Their algebra, geometry and philosophic concepts are as remote as "the theoretical possibility that two solids will pass through each other because none of their atoms will come into collision."

Johnson remembers that Dr. Robert Oppenheimer said that "the greater part of all that is now known was not in any book when he went to school," and that of all the men who had contributed to physical science in the past 25 centuries, 90% were still living in 1958.

THUS the problem of the average American becomes "the problem of dealing intelligently with what he does not understand." It seems an impossibility, but by gentle, lucid analogy, Gerald Johnson suggests a course for the common-sense man:

"It is not necessary to understand thermodynamics in order to be able to drive an automobile, for efficient controls have been devised, so simple that monkeys can learn to operate them. The problem is thus reduced from the impossibility of mastering all knowledge to the practicality of devising controls that are within the comprehension of the ordinary mind."

Common sense may be stunned by the technology of the space age, but it can still determine the rules of conduct under existing conditions, can still devise "efficient controls" for governing what is beyond comprehension.

Every reader will have his own favorite of these essays written by a man who was friend and co-worker of H. L. Mencken, perhaps overshadowed by Mencken but who has more compassion and understanding and several fathoms more depth than ever did his flashier colleague.

There is a warm chapter on his adopted city of Baltimore, which like other large American cities, is in danger of being transformed from a vibrant,, stimulating organism into a repulsive malignancy. Johnson is a gentle man, but he is not gentle when he observes the "brainiest citizens" deserting the city and being replaced by a population "drawn very largely from underprivileged groups in rural areas," as some call them. The newcomers are resented by the natives, and Johnson supplies the reason:

"These newcomers are resented because they stink. The verb could be, but is not, used in a metaphorical sense, referring to the moral delinquency of many of the incoming group. The significance here is strictly olfactory. The reason is that sanitary measures, reasonably effective in the open country where they are powerfully reinforced by sunshine and fresh air, are not sufficient in a crowded city. Most of these people are poor, but that is not the answer. Many of them are Negroes, and some are Puerto Ricans, but that is not the answer. The answer is simply that they are not acquainted with the physical necessities of city life."

THERE is a chapter on the South —"To Live and Die in Dixie"— which understandingly examines the beliefs of the region and which will anger no reasonably receptive man — not because Johnson consciously avoids all that might anger, but because he writes as one who is himself authentically and proudly a Southerner.

It is, to Johnson, no defense, but he understands why the South is the South. The Negro *is* culturally inferior, the aversion to one who is "alien" *is* a natural human response, but to Johnson the method of testing whether the Negro can develop to the level of the white "is to proceed *as if* it were true."

The crime, shared by the North and the West, was slavery. "For their part in that crime the North and the West were let off at the price of four years of blood and agony a century ago. But the South paid that price and in addition to it ten years of military occupation, thirty years of poverty and grinding toil, ninety years of harassment, anxiety, frustration and moral deterioration. The South has been granted no favors. The South has paid in full."

The Man Who Feels Left Behind can be read at an evening's sitting, but it will be remembered a long time.—*TOM JOHNSON.*

26b 1961

New Book Sheds Light On Minority Housing

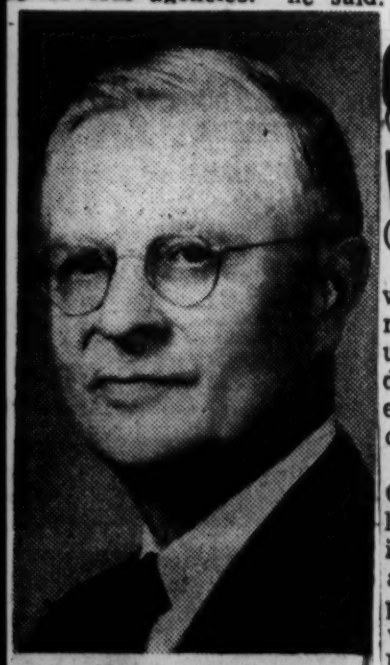
The Defender
Chicago Ill.
Jan 31 1961 P. 3

By LILLIAN S. CALHOUN

In the segregated city of Chicago, Negroes pay a greater share of their housing income for more inferior housing than do whites, according to a soon-to-be-published book, "Housing A Metropolis—Chicago" by two University of Chicago faculty members, Beverly Duncan and Philip M. Hauser.

At a pre-publication press conference called in the university's downtown offices, Commissioner D. E. Mackelmann of the city Community Conservation Board stood in for Dr. Hauser, who went to Billings hospital for a check-up the day before and Dr. Otis D. Duncan also of the U. of C., represented his wife who also was ill.

A Defender reporter asked Mackelmann whether he favored open accupancy to solve the city's housing problems particularly the over-concentration of Negroes. "I don't think I should comment on a question of city policy now nuder study by several agencies." he said.



DR. SHELBY T. McCLOY
Book is published

U. Of K. Professor's Book Studies Negro In France

The Courier-Journal
Louisville Ky.
Jan 22 1961

Special to The Courier-Journal

Lexington, Ky., Jan. 22—Negroes in metropolitan France have found a degree of opportunity for service and advancement that is probably unequaled elsewhere, according to a book being published by the University of Kentucky Press.

The work, "The Negro In France," was written by Dr. Shelby T. McCloy, U. of K. professor of history.

"The Negro in France" is a study of Negro life from the first arrivals in the 1600's to the present growing stream of immigrants. It will be released February 1.

"Although never more than a fragment of the population of France, Negroes have made their mark on French culture by their achievements in the political, military, and literary communities of the country," McCloy wrote in the book.

McCloy Has Been In Department Since '44

Dr. McCloy has been in Paris where he did a semester's research on French colonialism in the West Indies, from the French Revolution until the present time. It is a continuance of his study on French Negroes.

The semester's research was part of a distinguished-professor-of-the-year award voted Dr. McCloy last year by his colleagues in the College of Arts and Science.

A professor in the department of history since 1944, Dr. McCloy is the current holder of the Hallam professorship, an endowed chair bestowed biennially for distinction in scholarship and instruction in history.

Dr. McCloy holds bachelor and master degrees from Davidson College, bachelor-of-literature and bachelor-of-arts degrees from Oxford University, and a Ph.D from Columbia University. A specialist in French history, he was a Rhodes Scholar while attending Oxford.

College Prof Writes 60 Books

Chicago Defender
Chicago Ill.
1/7/61

RALEIGH, N. C.)— Dr. Edward Schaetz, head of the Business Department at St. Augustine's college has the unique distinction of having two earned Ph.D's and the author of over 60 books.

Dr. Schaetz latest book "The Cosmos is Calling," was published in November 1960. He is mentioned in six American and fifteen European Who's Who publications. His doctorates were received from the State University in Prague in Political economics, his Ph.D. in business administration at Carls university, Prague and worked toward a third Ph.D. at Michigan State university.

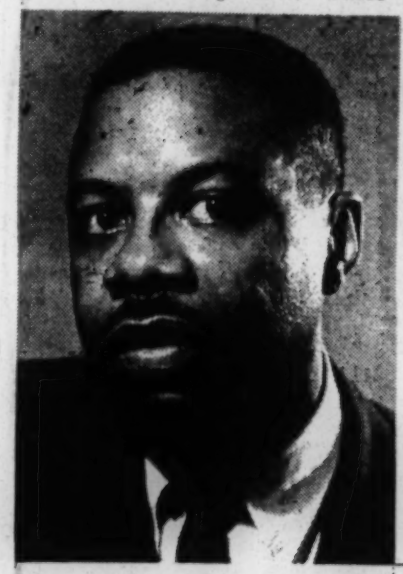
He has received five honorary doctorates from universities in Paris, Milano, Italy and India. Dr. Schaetz is married and the father of three sons.

Noted Poet Speaker At Xavier Univ.

Roy L. Hill, noted Negro poet, biographer, and short story writer spoke at Xavier University at 10:00 a.m. on Wednesday.

His topic was "I Am Somebody."

Mr. Hill's service with the U. S. Navy during World War II provided the background for some of the stories in his first book, "Two Ways and Other



Stories." To Ways deals with racial conflicts within the armed forces.

One of his poems, "Sad People," appeared in the National Anthology of Poetry and "April One More; Me and You; People Gifted and Gay" appeared in the 1960 Anthology of American Poetry.

At present Mr. Hill is associate professor of English at the South Carolina State College in Orangeburg, S. C.

Little Rock Pair Pens Desegregation Primer

The Atlanta Journal
Constitution

THIS IS WHAT WE FOUND. By Ralph and Carl Creger Lyle Stuart & Co. 59 pages. $2.

26b
Atlanta Ga.
1-22-61

Reviewed by
MARGARET LONG
Journal Columnist

From the conscience searching and fact seeking of a Little Rock schoolboy and his father has come a sharp, simple and intelligent little primer, **This Is What We Found,** which can light the way of many confused Southerners through desegregation.

Carl Creger, a student at celebrated Central High, had a history assignment which led him to a study of the Negro in the United States, an investigation which his father, a train dispatcher, joined and which they expanded to a 59-page book. Their bibliography includes some 50 books, from history and anthropology tomes to religious works, political and sociological treatises and novels on race, in which they have tidily gleaned facts and sense to bear on the Southern change.

The Cregers discovered wretchedness and conflict in American slavery and equal "disloyalty" of freed slaves who did not, according to our beloved legend, return to their chains after emancipation, and that Jim Crow is not a deep-seated but relatively recent tradition. They examine the myths of Negro inferiority, criminal bent and laziness to find that Southern Negro accomplishments are considerable and common, rather than non-existent or exceptional, as our mythology has it.

The Cregers do "take sides" in their neat, informative and moving tract. They take the side of the human being as common heir of our Southern and American future, as, I suppose, must any Southerner so earnestly concerned and so carefully informed.

"All of our research," the Cregers conclude, "indicates to us that the low status of the Negro in this country is cultural . . . forced upon him . . . not inherent."

Frank Hercules

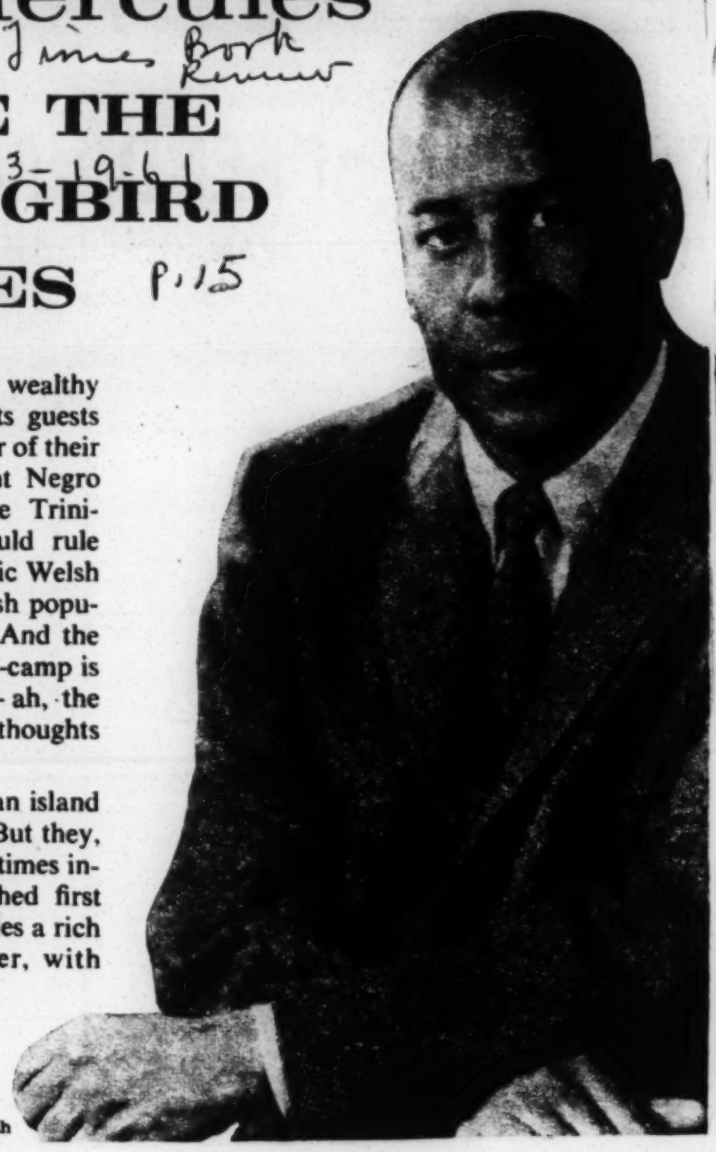
The New York Times Book Review
Jun. 3-1961

WHERE THE HUMMINGBIRD FLIES

p. 15

Mrs. Napoleon Walker, wife of a wealthy Negro doctor in Trinidad, selects guests for her famous parties by the color of their skin. Mervyn Herrick, a brilliant Negro lawyer, when contemplating the Trinidadians, wishes the British would rule forever. Dr. Griffiths, the eccentric Welsh physician, wishes the entire British population at the bottom of the sea. And the Governor, who knows his aide-de-camp is having an affair with his wife – ah, the Governor has some fascinating thoughts of his own.

Those who think of Trinidad as an island paradise are in for some shocks. But they, like all readers of this witty, sometimes indecorous, but always accomplished first novel, will discover in Mr. Hercules a rich and vital talent. "A new writer, with wickedness to match Waugh's."
—VIRGINIA KIRKUS $3.95



Fabian Bachrach

Vodoun Is the Key

The New York Times Book Review
June 11, 1961

THE DRUM AND THE HOE. Life and Lore of the Haitian People. By Harold Courlander. Illustrated. 371 pp. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press. $10

By SELDEN RODMAN

IT is a curious fact that the best books about Haiti are not written, as one might expect, by the French, who colonized Haiti and gave it their language, but by Americans. The same observation applies to the nurture of contemporary Haiti's remarkable "renaissance" of the popular arts. The few French savants who visit what was once France's proudest colonial possession take a proprietary or condescending interest. Social anthropology has also been left to Americans.

Until recently Haitian intellectuals have not concerned themselves with the barbarous pleasures and superstitions of the "folk", and even now are inclined to describe vodoun (voo-doo) and the many arts that enrich it in esoteric terms. Consequently writers like James G. Leyburn, Melville J. Herskovits, Maya Deren and Harold Courlander, scholarly, wholly sympathetic and capable of communicating their enthusiasm, have had the field to themselves. And now Harold Courlander, whose "Haiti Singing" has long been out of print, has made of that pioneering study a definitive masterpiece.

The Haitian peasant, the hero of the book, is best described in his relation to it by the author himself: "He has brought into affinity the religious practices of Africa and the beliefs of the Church of Rome. He is outwardly simple and poor, but inwardly he is a complicated and rich man. He is rich in music, in the capacity for spiritual expression, in tradition, in folklore, in memories.

"HE has been able to marry work to play, drudgery to singing, and despair to hope. In his complicated world, life and death are simply different aspects of the same thing. Those who die live as long as people remember them. And those who are alive in the physical sense are receptacles for the spiritual forces that exist on all sides—the echoes of the dead, the multitude of spirit beings, good and evil, and dancing and music."

No one who has lived in Haiti, or even visited it briefly, can be unaware that this passage expresses what the tiny Caribbean country is uniquely equipped to contribute to a world of expanding material resources and dwindling inner resourcefulness. The time is rapidly approaching when Haiti will either "catch up" with material progress, remaking herself in our image (at least that unhappy part of it we choose to export to "underdeveloped" lands) or suffer the collective embrace of our wily Muscovite antagonist, as Cuba already has. In that event, the features of her lost personality may only survive in such books as this.

Courlander begins by telling very briefly how the Haitian peasant got to be what he is. Chapters on vodoun—its origins, rites and gods—set the stage. The bulk of the book, spiced with hundreds of songs in Creole and parallel translation, is broken down into the folklore of the peristyle (the court of the vodoun temple or shrine), demonology, Mardi Gras and Lenten symbolism, work songs, the arts of flour, wood and iron, songs of gossip and politics, of bravado and boasting, secret-society rites, tall tales of Bouki and Ti Malice, and games—including such a wonderful one as simply having a man stand in the middle of a room and laugh to see who can resist longest not laughing with him. Dancing, drumming and the making of musical instruments receive full treatment.

The New York Times

Only the reflection of this rich lore in the astonishing painting and sculpture of the past fifteen years is perfunctory. The ethnologist, from professional to rankest amateur, will find unending delight in the thousand fascinating trifles picked up by the author as he tirelessly combed the remotest hills and weaves them into his spell, while the professional musicologist and plain singer will be even more richly rewarded. One-hundred eighty-six Haitian songs, dances and other tunes have been skillfully transcribed by Mieczyslaw Kolinski from recordings made by the author in Haiti, and they comprise over a hundred pages of the book.

Jun 1-29-61

It remains to be said that the book itself, designed by Adrian Wilson, is a work of art; and that the ninety half-tone plates, most of them from the author's photographs—and including everything from a mosquito-drum to two priestesses possessed by the god of death lying in a fire—are superb.

ATLANTA PRAISED

Racial Insight Probes Deeply

BLACK LIKE ME. By John Howard Griffin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 176 pages. $3.50.

Reviewed by

ED HUGHES
Journal Editorial Associate

A 40-year-old white Texan turned his skin black and for six weeks lived as a Negro traveling through the South. His story is one of the deepest—perhaps too deep for some—penetrating documents yet set down on the racial question.

This account gives an insight into Negro culture that cannot but jar the firmest preconceived notions. It gives Negroes a view in depth of their own shortcomings, and in what direction eventual hope lies.

New Orleans, his starting point, was an eye-opener. Alabama and Mississippi were hell. As for Atlanta:

"I had arrived in Atlanta feeling the situation for the Negro in the South was utterly hopeless. . . . But Atlanta changed my mind. Atlanta has gone far in proving 'the problem' can be solved and in showing us the way to do it."

ATLANTA'S HOPE, he says, comes from Negro unity, from the quality of Negro leaders in education and business, from the enlightened leadership of Mayor Hartsfield and from Ralph McGill.

The most eye-opening and pathetically fascinating segments of his story are the little human observations of life as a Negro:

The major importance that attaches itself to finding a bathroom he can use, a place to get a drink of water, somewhere to sit when he is tired; the "hate" look he gets from such as a bus station agent who, without provocation, throws his change on the floor; the obsession of white men who give him rides while wanting to hear about Negro sex; his instruction from Negroes in Mississippi about lowering his eyes when white women approach, and not looking at pictures in front of theaters because there might be white women on them; the air of relief in closing the door of a room, shutting out the world outside.

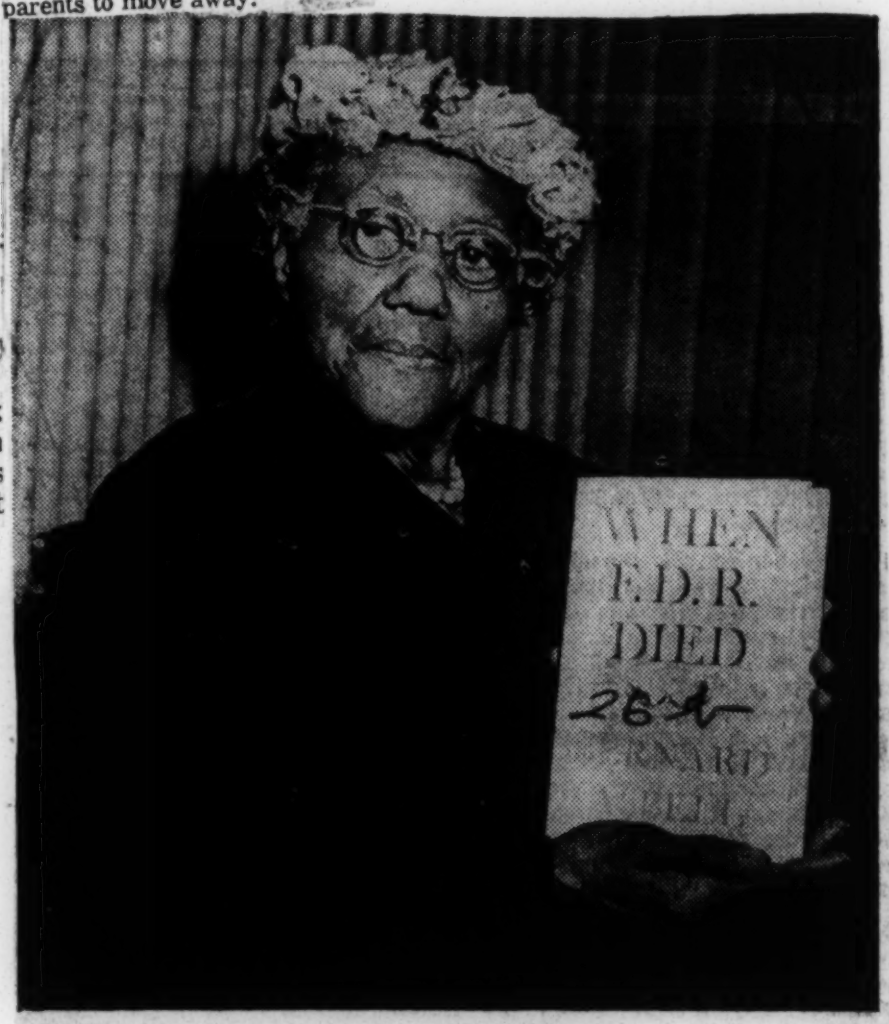
All is not of white persecution. Mr. Griffin relates also the decencies of many whites, the longing to do the right thing, but not knowing just what the right thing is. And, as the color change wears off, he tries the opposite role, going into Negro communities as a white, often experiencing the same distrust and contempt in reverse.

HE RETURNS continually to one chief line of thought—the reason behind the promiscuous living, the irresponsibility and loose morals of the larger lower echelon of Negro society—those qualities which whites use as justification for "keeping them in their place."

The wholeness with which he assumed the role of a Negro, he says, makes the explanation stand out. It is a state of mind to which one turns when denied all else, a compensation for being unable to participate in things cultural or educational—the human seeking of escapism, caused by discrimination.

This is Mr. Griffin's third book Two were written while he was blind, the result of a World War II injury. His sight was restored in 1957.

His story has already had considerable influence on his life. He was burned in effigy in his hometown. Hostility forced his parents to move away.



MRS. LIZIE McDUFFIE

Simplicity, History Combined

"When F.D.R. Died," A Day We Remember

By GEORGE M. COLEMAN

Friday, the 13th of April, 1945, was "A Very Wretched Day" throughout a world that had known the maximum in war and suffering for many years. It was the morning after, and the world was just getting used to the shocking news that President Franklin Delano Roosevelt had died the previous afternoon in the Little White House at Warm Spring, Ga., where he was supposed to recover from virtually killing himself in efforts to bring a war-torn world back to sanity.

"When F. D. R. died," a brilliant book by Bernard Asbell, and dedicated "to my wife, Mildred. We were together when he heard the news," will take you back to that fatal day, and make you remember each small event and the people who were near to the beloved leader.

He paints Mr. Roosevelt as a brilliant, jolly, energetic man, who rose above a handicap to join with Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin to save the world from Nazi tyranny, only to succumb to a cerebral hemmorhage just as victory was in sight.

Mr. Asbell paints a somber picture of a world saddened by loss of a great leader, except in the dark bombed out recesses of Nazi Germany where advisors tried to use the event to bring hope to a superstitious Hitler by citing history to show such deaths had turned the tide of seemingly lost causes.

But enough of Hitler. To this story he is not important. So come with Mr. Asbell, and relive a single day, April 12, 1945, and remember the days immediately following.

It is early, atop Pine Mountain near Warm Springs, Ga., a huge barbecue is being prepared in the President's honor. He is to attend in the afternoon.

Out on U. S. Route 80, west of Macon, Chief Petty Officer Graham Jackson, famous Atlanta Negro musician, is violating speed limits to get to Warm Springs in time to take his place as the President's favorite musician.

Carrying out their morning duties are William D. Hassett, Secretary to the President; Miss Grace Tully, FDR's private secretary, and her assistant, Mrs. Dorothy Brady.

Just outside the President's door, where he was supposed to be sleeping, Mrs. Lizzie McDuffie, his maid, laughs at a private joke about her weight. She shares it with the President, and they both have a cheerful moment.

Mrs. McDuffie tells of the fellow employer asking her if she believed in reincarnation, and her answer that she would like to be returned to earth as a canary bird.

"He looked at me from head to foot — I weighed about 200 pounds then, and he burst into peals of laughter and just threw his paper down. Such laughter you never heard. He looked at how fat I was and said, 'A canary bird!' Well, the President had a favorite word he always said when anything amused him. He'd say, 'Don't you love it? Don't you just love it?' And that's just what he said then."

This is small thing, but due to swiftly moving events in so short a time, this could well be the President's last joyful moment, shared so gleefully, by the Negro matron

from Atlanta who today recalls:

"Mr. Roosevelt always had time to lay down what he was doing and just talk to you. He always had time if you wanted to ask him about the meaning of something. He would draw you out, you know. He'd ask, 'Why do you want to know this?' Sometime's I'd say, 'Well, I just thought probably you knew more about it.' And then he'd laugh in that way of his and say, 'Aw, I don't know any more about it than you do.' "

The author paints a picture throughout the United States. In Washington, Mrs. Roosevelt is preparing to attend a charity. She is informed by phone that her husband has fainted, but is advised to go on to keep suspicions from arousing. In France, he says, allied columns have swept within 57 miles of Berlin. Hitler is supposed to be broken in health, and maybe dying.

Physicians watch the President closely. He has been so tired since returning from Yalta. Recently he had yielded to circumstance, and remained seated while speaking. He has failed to wave at crowds like he used to . . . He is very tired.

In Warm Springs he is trying to keep up with his agenda. He poses for a water color portrait by Madame Elizabeth Shoumatoff, he faints and falls from his chair . . . Two hours and 20 minutes later, he is dead.

In his book, Mr. Asbell paints a vivid picture of shock, but he ties in brilliantly politics which are to plague us in years to come. He tells of Stalin's reluctance to aid Poland, and sending of Communists to Cuba as early as 1945.

He tells of Roosevelt's plan to attend the beginning of the United Nations in San Francisco. He mentions little people. He pulls a classic statement from Nelson Waters, an aged Georgia Negro, who mourned the President's death this way: "He made a way for folks when there wasn't no way."

At Warn Springs, Mrs. McDuffie looks in the casket before the train departs, and recalls; "Oh, he was handsome. You wouldn't have thought he had a day's illness."

In Washington, Mrs. Roosevelt is credited with making a statement she doesn't remember, saying she feels more sorry for the people of the nation than herself.

Graham Jackson fights depression and is overpowered by a desire to play the piano. He plays. The patients come in and listen. He gets the idea the polio victims would like to hear music to forget their sadness. He plays. "I felt the cheer coming back to the room, just like he'd want. I never stopped playing 'til 8:30 that night. I don't think anybody went to eat all day."

Harry S. Truman, "Whoever he is," becomes President. His daughter, Margaret, realizes she has known her last moment of freedom for some time. People cry at his funeral. His words, that the only thing to fear "is fear itself," are recited. A great man is dead, even Russia breaks precedent and prints his picture on front pages. Churchill wires he has lost a very dear friend. U. S. and British soldiers push on to meet the Russians. A war is won. A new President calls the play, and a nation, which halted virtually all businesses, and presses at the hour of the funeral, turns back to living for the living, while a memory remains in millons of hearts.

Biography Featured

E. Edgar Watson, instructor in physics and mathematics at Mary N. Smith High School, Accomac, Va., was recently honored by the publication of his biography in the fourth edition of "Leaders In American Science."

Mr. Watson was also presented a grant from the National Science Foundation for advanced study in physics at St. Augustine's College in Raleigh.

He is a graduate of North Carolina College.

FANNY KEMBLE

Journals Deplored Slavery in South

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE ON A GEORGIA PLANTATION IN 1838-1839. By Frances Anne Kemble. Edited by John A. Scott. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.75.

Reviewed by

GEORGE Z. VANCE

Constitution Staff Writer

Fanny Kemble, the great English actress, hated slavery with a feminine fetish.

"I am an Englishwoman," she explained, "in whom the absence of such a prejudice would be disgraceful."

Yet she possessed both the feminine and the scholarly curiosity to see slavery in practice as she had heard it preached in the more enlightened circles of the early 19th century.

So she begged her wealthy Philadelphia husband, Pierce Butler, to take her to his Butler Island plantation in Georgia. Against his better judgment, he brought her in 1838.

The South of slavery wished he had used his better judgment. Fanny Kemble spent a miserable 15 weeks on Butler Island.

* * *

IT WAS the jumping-off place of Fanny Butler's world, the "ultima Thule" to use her own expression. What she saw shocked and infuriated her: The inhuman floggings of the slaves; the dirt and filth under which Negroes lived, loved and labored; the denial of education and the twisting of Christian concepts to keep blacks in line with the South's code of slavery.

In her spare moments on the island, she wrote down—indeed, she had a fetish to write—her observations in the forms of letters to a friend. The letters turned out to be a vivid, beautifully written description of slavery, for Fanny Kemble was a grand Englishwoman with a cultured mastery of both the spoken and written word.

FOR YEARS, the letters moved privately from one hand to another in that cultured, more enlightened circle in which Fanny moved in both England and America.

Then, in the Civil War, they were published as the **Journal of a Residence of a Georgia plantation in 1838-1839.** It was great propaganda for Fanny's cause.

The South was infuriated. Some Southern writers claimed that Fanny Kemble had singlehandedly defeated the Confederacy. Her infernal book, they argued, prevented England's recognition of the South, thus turning the balance of advantage in the battle. (Other writers more accurately wrote that the effect of Fanny's book was negligible.)

FANNY KEMBLE

After the war, the fury over Fanny's book waned into obscurity. And so did the book until this month, when Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher, rejuvenated it under the fine editorship of a New York state historian, John A. Scott.

Scott does a scholarly job of placing Fanny and her book in historical perspective and calls her intense, detailed study of slavery a "contribution to the antislavery literature which constitutes an important part of the cultural and moral heritage of the American people."

Scott reassures his Southern readers that Fanny did not get to observe plantations on which slavery was practiced humanely

Blunt look taken at African gap

RETURN FARE, by Jean Kolar (Translated from French by Humphrey Hare (MacMillan Company, $3.95).

THIS IS a probing novel of the white man's position in Africa, and the changing attitude of the black. In the back country plantation overseers, storekeepers, government buyers became slaves to the heat, the constant native rituals and the interminable obsession to return home.

The black man's position was more unbearable to those exposed to the white man's world.

Oxford graduates . . . even those who had served in menial jobs abroad, returned to native orgies, nakedness, disease, illiteracy, and found they could not bridge the gap between the savage and the tamed.

The African conscience is a tribal conscience with all the individuality it entails, living in a natural state, not infected with politics, love or religion, but a humanity apart . . . a whole mentality apart.

Thus Kohlar depicts the African today, but offers no solution to the civilizing process. Through a handful of Europeans and a few natives the heavy line of separation is shown.

The others: Bodenis, the Greek; Belien, the French even Father Meister, felt the sting of hopelessness; the threat apparent to all. The shaggy, pitiful personal lives are overshadowed by the over-all portent. Tense, suspenseful, enlightening, it's a worthy work.

26b 1961

THE NEGRO IN BIRMINGHAM
BY- MRS.GERALDINE H. MOORE

Book On Negro Status Released

A 220 - page book presenting facts and opinions on the social, economic, educational, religious, health recreational and political status of Negroes in Birmingham and written by Mrs. Geraldine H. Moore has just been released by the Birmingham Publishing Company.

Copies may be secured direct from the author at 1920 Pearson Avenue, Southwest. The price of the book is $4.95 the copy hard-back and $3.00 each for paperback copies.

SLUMS AND SUBURBS
BY- DR. JAMES B. CONANT

IT IS AN EXPANSION OF AN EARLIER STUDY OF JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

26b 1961

Noted Educator Says Negro Pupils Better Off Unmixed

Jackson News 61 Date 10-17-61

WASHINGTON (AP) — Both money and a realistic approach to the task of slum-area schools are needed to head off an impending explosion, Dr. James B. Conant says.

Conant, former president of Harvard University, expressed the view in a new book, "Slums and Suburbs," published Monday by McGraw-Hill. It is an expansion of an earlier study he made of junior high school education in the public schools.

"The building up of a mass of unemployed and frustrated Negro youth in congested areas of a city is a social phenomenon that may be compared to the piling up of inflammable material in an empty building in a city block," he said.

"Potentialities for trouble — indeed possibilities of disaster—are surely there."

The main problem in city slum schools, he said, is to offer courses that have some relationship to the students. He stressed vocational education.

"Foreign languages in grade seven or algebra in grade eight . . .have little place in a school in which half the pupils in that grade read at the fourth grade level or below," Conant declared.

Conant also criticized those who "have placed a taboo on the use of the word 'Negro.' I think this has proved to be a great mistake. How can we improve a situation if we are deprived by terminology from knowing what the situation really is?"

COMMENDS CHICAGO

He said some cities have pressured Negroes to attend "essentially white schools," adding: "Those which have not done so, like Chicago, are more likely to make progress in improving Negro education. It is my belief that satisfactory education can be provided in an all-Negro school through the expenditure of more money for needed staff and facilities."

But Conant said he does not approve gerrymandering school district lines which "amounts to separating pupils solely on the basis of race."

An allied problem, Conant said, is opportunity. Once the aspirations and technical training for slum youth have been upgraded, there must be jobs for them.

He noted: "It is far more difficult in many communities to obtain admission to an apprentice program which involves union approval than to get into the most selective medical school in the nation."

CONANT SCORED BY SCHOOL GROUPS

The Herald Tribune 8-17-61

Backers of Open Enrollment Reject Views in Book

New York, N.Y.

By ROBERT H. TERTE

Dr. James B. Conant's objections to the policy of transferring Negro children to predominantly white schools were rejected yesterday by individuals and organizations who fought for the open enrollment program in the city's schools.

"He is really arguing for a Northern urban version of separate but equal education," said Dr. Kenneth Clark, professor of psychology at City College and research director of the Northside Center for Child Development. "I couldn't disagree with Mr. Conant more."

Dr. Clark expressed concern that the conclusions published yesterday by Dr. Conant might be accepted by the general public as statements of fact. Instead, Dr. Clark maintained, they merely express Dr. Conant's opinions.

In his newest report, published as "Slums and Suburbs: ACommentary on Schools in Metropolitan Areas," Dr. Conant said that priority should be given to the improvement of all slum schools rather than to transfer of children by bus.

Program Expanded

About 2,800 elementary and 2,600 junior high school pupils in New York city are now traveling to schools with a more balanced racial make-up than those in their neighorhoods. The program was begun in the fall of 1960 an extended this year.

Spokesmen for both the United Parents Associations and the Public Education Association said they could see no reason why programs to improve slum schools and to transport children to integrated schools should not proceeded simultaneously.

Mrs. Adele B. Tunick, president of the parents groups said:

"It is important to all groups to have a positive integration experience."

And the open enrollment program, she said, "does afford to some children the opportunity to move out of so-called slum areas into a more challenging educational atmosphere."

"Dr. Conant fails to gauge the feeling of Negro people on de facto segregation," Dr. Frederick C. McLaughlin, director of the public seducation group, said. "As an interim step, it seems to have provided a much-needed safety valve."

N. A. A. C. P. Comments

Robert L. Carter, genera counsel for the National Asso ciation for the Advancement o Colored People, said that hi group was "not alone in its con viction that the effects of de facto segregation are as harmful as de jure segregation, and that racial integration is a desirable educational objective in a democratic society."

"As part of the efforts to accomplish greater integration, educational authorities have the responsibility to provide high educational standards for all schools, regardless of location or race," Mr. Carter said.

A spokesman for the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai Brith said of open enrollment: "We have believed in it for a long time. We are on record in favor of it. We see no reason to change our minds."

Max J. Rubin, the president of the new Board of Education, said that he preferred not to comment on Dr. Conant's views until he had had an opportunity to read the entire book.

Dr. Conant Faces Facts

HARDLY had excerpts from Dr. James B. Conant's new book, *Slums And Suburbs,* appeared in print before the former Harvard president was being denounced by the lib-lab liberals for saying:

"It is my belief that satisfactory education can be provided in an all-Negro school through the expenditure of more money for needed staff and facilities."

P 4A

Dr. Conant was not trying to revert to the separate-but-equal doctrine which was the law until 1954 when the Supreme Court said it wasn't. Dr. Conant is plainly against segregation. Nevertheless he recognizes it is a fact in Northern cities where de facto segregation derives from the racial character of neighborhoods or, as in New Rochelle and other communities, from gerrymandering.

The Montgomery Advertiser

Criticizing integration programs, Conant said: "In some cities political leaders have attempted to put pressure on the school authorities to have Negro children attend essentially white schools."

Token integration in the large Northern cities will do little, if anything, to upgrade Negro education, Dr. Conant seems to say. The answer is to improve the quality of Negro schools.

Jr. 10-20-61

This is anathema to the sociologists, who don't seem to care what kind of education either race gets so long as they get it in mixed classrooms.

★

SUCH authorities on the aims of education as CORE were quick to denounce Conant's exceptance of the facts of life. A CORE spokesman said in New York: "Besides the concern for the technical adequacy of education, we are also concerned with the social goals of education. Integration itself has value in terms of educating our children."

That's certainly arguable, but without stooping to debate with CORE it can be said that American education has problems aplenty just providing the fundamentals without getting into applied togetherness, life adjustment and other foggy brainstorms.

This, it seems, is Conant's position. It flies in the face of efforts now being undertaken in New York, Chicago, Newark and Montclair, N.J., Rochester, N.Y., Hempstead and Rockville Center, Long Island, and elsewhere to break the "neighborhood school" pattern.

This is the heart of the assault on de facto segregation in the North — the long-standing belief that schools, particularly those at the elementary level, ought to be within walking distance of the students who attend them, or not further away than a short bus ride.

Encouraged by the federal court order for New Rochelle to abandon its racial gerrymandering, Northern Negroes moved to attack neighborhood zoning where there is no evidence of gerrymandering but where the result is school segregation.

★

UNNERVED by the attacks in his state, Dr. James E. Allen Jr., New York State Education Commissioner, recently ordered a census of Negro pupils in every school in the state as a first step toward recognizing de facto segregation.

At the same time [one New York newspaper reported], he indicated that the neighborhood school concept had stubbed its toe on a newer education theory. The new theory, based on the findings of psychologists and sociologists, was that segregated schools, *neighborhood or not,* were detrimental, both psychologically and educationally, to their pupils.

Conant—'Disaster' in Slum Schools

A few days before Dr. Conant's book was published, *The New York Herald Tribune* acknowledged: "The battle against school segregation in the South . . . has spread, albeit in altered form, to the North."

The result of that fight, with the vast Negro and Puerto Rican ghettoes in the East and Midwest, may leave the South looking like a haven of tranquility—unless these communities have the courage to resist the mixmasters and heed the advice of Dr. Conant that the first order of business should be education.

Herald Tribune—Noble

James B. Conant

By Terry Ferrer

Education Editor

"Social dynamite" is building to the explosion point in big-city slum areas, especially Negro slums, in the form of unemployed out-of-school youth, Dr. James Bryant Conant warned yesterday.

Unless more money is poured into slum-area schools and unless more jobs are available to young people, large cities face "possibilities of disaster" and their unemployed youth cannot be expected to "withstand the relentless pressures of communism," Dr. Conant said.

Dr. Conant, president emeritus of Harvard, expressed his views in "Slums and Suburbs," a book published yesterday by McGraw-Hill Book Co. Inc. Examining the country's ten largest cities, he cited the "profoundly shocking" differences between schools serving the wealthy suburbs and the slum areas. The suburbs spend as much of $1,000 a year per pupil, the slum half that amount, but in the national interest, he said, "these ratios might well be reversed."

Dr. Conant also attacked the concept of New York City's Open Enrollment program, the transfer of Negro and Puerto Rican pupils outside of their neighborhoods to promote integration. Some 5,800 elementary and junior-high-school students are participating in Open Enrollment this year.

"In some cities," Dr. Conant said, "political leaders have attempted to put pressure on the school authorities to have Negro children attend essentially white schools. In my judgment, the cities in which the authorities have yielded to this pressure are on the wrong track. Those which have not done so, like Chicago, are more likely to make progress in improving Negro education.

"It is my belief that satisfactory education can be provided in an all-Negro school," Dr. Conant continued, "through the expenditure of more money for needed staff and facilities. Moreover, I believe that any sense of inferiority among the pupils caused by the absence of white children can be largely if not wholly eliminated in two ways: first, in all cities there will be at least some schools that are in fact mixed because of the nature of the neighborhood they serve; second, throughout the city there ought to be an integrated staff of white and Negro teachers and administrators."

Lack of Jobs a Problem

Widespread lack of employment opportunities in big cities is an "important" cause of juvenile delinquency, Dr. Conant said. In one Negro slum area he studied, 70 per cent of the boys and girls aged sixteen to twenty-one were out of school and unemployed. "Communism feeds upon discontented, frustrated, unemployed people," he said, and the national rate of unemployment is more than twice as high for those under twenty-one as it is for all workers.

"I am deeply disturbed," he wrote. "These young people are my chief concern, especially when they are pocketed together in large numbers within the confines of big city slums. What can words like 'freedom,' 'liberty,' and 'equality of opportunity' mean to these young people? With what kind of zeal can we expect them to withstand the relentless pressures of Communism?"

In some New York City schools, he added, "a veritable witches' brew" comes to boil "with unsavory violence" through the problems of "interracial hostility and gang warfare between Negroes and Puerto Ricans and the resentment of both toward the whites."

To open up big-city jobs on a non-discriminatory basis, Dr. oCnant recommended that Congress appropriate funds for public-works programs which would employ 300,000 young people.

For Vocational Guidance

He also urged that the schools be given "the responsibility for educational and vocational guidance of youth after they leave school until age twenty-one. This will require more money."

In the hope of creating "anxious thoughts in the minds of the conscientious citizens," Dr. Conant also recommended more teachers and perhaps more pay for teachers in slum areas and called for "action, not hair-splitting arguments."

Dr. Conant also called the new state legislation which installed the city's new Board of Education and set up a panel of citizens to nominate school board members "a major step forward." But, he said, "if public confidence is to be restored" after the school construction scandals, there must be "a full-scale investigation of the quality of instruction." Such an investigation is now under way under the auspices of the State Education Department.

Turning to the wealthy suburban schools, Dr. Conant said that the main problem is "to guide the parent whose college ambitions outrun his child's abilities toward a realistic picture of the kind of college his child is suited for." The "prestige colleges" should be goals for the "very bright" only, most of whom will go on to graduate school.

Pressures in Suburbs

College pressures in the suburbs put tremendous strains on teachers, parents and pupils, Dr. Conant said. "Kindergarten and first-grade teahers frequently hear such statements as, 'I don't care what you do as long as Johnnie gets in to Harvard,'" he added. "I have heard from teachers and principals in some suburban schools that there is more evidence of breakdowns in health than ever before. Parents report children who experience nausea before coming to school each morning."

Dr. Conant recommended that more suburban parents overcome their "snobbery" and consider two-year junior colleges, especially in the California pattern of inexpensive two-year institutions near students' homes.

Besides New York and Chicago, the new Conant report examined slums and suburbs in Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Detroit, Baltimore, Houston, Cleveland, Washington and St. Louis. The 147-page book cost $3.95 in hard cover and $1.95 in paperback.

26d 1961

TO CHARLAYNE HUNTER

Gentle girl of Georgia,
Dry your flowing tears!
Child of a changing Southland,
Still you doubts and fears.
Seek the Spring Pierian
Drink deep sweet waters there-
Walk newer fields of wonder,
And never blessings share-
Unmindful of the jeers
That may be yours to know,
Press onward to the cheers,
Your people still bestow!
Gentle girl of Georgia,
You have a job to do-
A million hearts are praying to help
you see it through-
So trade your tears for smiles!
Keep walking to the sun!
The whole wide world is waiting
To see true justice done!

J. FARLEY RAGLAND,..
Lawrenceville. Va.

Prize Winning Poet At TSU

DR. W. D. SNODGRASS (left), Pulitzer prizewinner in poetry, chats informally with Allie Woods, president of the English Club at Texas Southern University, Houston, and Dr. J. M. McCleary, English Department Head. Dr. Snodgrass lectured on poetry and read some of his poems.

26d 1961

Journal and Guide

Honored

Mrs. Henry Johnson of Washington, D. C. has been accepted into the Fellowship of the Academy of American Poets, a group which includes among its sponsors the illustrious Robert Frost.

Mrs. Johnson, daughter of the late E. H. Eaton, a realtor of Newport News, Va., is the wife of acting Sgt. Henry L. Johnson of the Smithsonian Institute guard force

She also received a citation from Attorney Edward H. Foley, chairman of the 1960-61 Inaugural committee.